

The Soule and Body riue not more in parting,  
Then greatnesse going off.

*Cleo.* To'th Monument:

*Mardian*, go tell him I haue slaine my selfe:  
Say, that the last I spoke was *Anthony*,  
And word it (pythee) pittreously. Hence *Mardian*,  
And bring me how he takes my death to'th Monument.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Anthony, and Eros.*

*Ant.* Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

*Eros.* I Noble Lord.

*Ant.* Sometime we see a clowd that's Dragonish,  
A vapour sometime like a Beare, or Lyon,  
A toward Cittadell, a pendant Rocke,  
A forked Mountaine, or blew Promontorie  
With Trees vpon't, that nodde vnto the world,  
And mocke our eyes with Ayre.  
Thou hast scene these Signes,  
They are blacke Vespers Pageants.

*Eros.* I my Lord.

*Ant.* That which is now a Horse, euen with a thought  
the Racke dissimes, and makes it indistinct  
As water is in water.

*Eros.* It does my Lord.

*Ant.* My good Knaue *Eros*, now thy Captaine is  
Euen such a body: Heere I am *Anthony*,  
Yet cannot hold this visible shape (my Knaue)  
I made these warres for Egypt, and the Queene,  
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine:  
Which whil' it was mine, had annex vnto't  
A Million moe, (now lost) thee *Eros* has  
Packt Cards with *Casars*, and false plaid my Glory  
Vnto an Enemies triumph.  
Nay, weepe not gentle *Eros*, there is left vs  
Our selues to end our selues.

*Enter Mardian.*

Oh thy vilde Lady, she has rob'd me of my Sword.

*Mar.* No *Anthony*,

My Mistis lou'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled  
With thine intirely.

*Ant.* Hence sawcy Eunuch peace, she hath betraid me,  
And shall dye the death.

*Mar.* Death of one person, can be paid but once,  
And that she ha's discharg'd. What thou would'st do  
Is done vnto thy hand: the last she spake  
Was *Anthony*, most Noble *Anthony*:  
Then in the midd' of a tearing grone did breake  
The name of *Anthony*: it was diuided  
Betweene her heart, and lips: she rendred life  
Thy name so buried in her.

*Ant.* Dead then?

*Mar.* Dead.

*Ant.* Vname *Eros*, the long dayes taske is done,  
And we must sleepe: That thou depart'st hence safe  
Does pay thy labour richly: Go. *exit Mardian.*

Off, plucke off,  
The seven-fold shield of *Ajax* cannot keepe  
The battery from my heart. Oh cleaue my sides,  
Heart, once be stronger then thy Continent,  
Cracke thy fraile Case. Apace *Eros*, apace,  
No more a Soldier: bruised peeces go,  
You haue bin Nobly borne. From me awhile. *exit Eros*  
I will o're-take thee *Cleopatra*, and  
Weepe for my pardon. So it must be, for now  
All length is Torture: since the Torch is out,  
Lye downe and fray no farther. Now all labour

Marres what it does: yea, very force entangles  
It selfe with strength: Scale then, and all is done.  
*Eros?* I come my Queene. *Eros?* Stay for me,  
Where Soules do couch on Flowers, wee'l hand in hand,  
And with our sprightly Port make the Ghostes gaze:  
*Dido*, and her *Aeneas* shall want Troopes,  
And all the haunt be ours. Come *Eros*, *Eros*.

*Enter Eros.*

*Eros.* What would my Lord?

*Ant.* Since *Cleopatra* dyed,  
I haue liu'd in such dishonour, that the Gods  
Dereft my basenesse. I, that with my Sword,  
Quarter'd the World, and o're Greene Neptunes backe  
With Ships, made Cities; condemne my selfe, to lacke  
The Courage of a Woman, lesse Noble minde  
Then she which by her death, our *Cesar* telles  
I am Conqueror of my selfe. Thou art sworne *Eros*,  
That when the exigent should come, which now  
Is come indeed: When I should see behinde me  
Th'inevitable prosecution of disgrace and horror,  
That on my command, thou then would'st kill me:  
Doo't, the time is come: Thou strik'st not me,  
'Tis *Cesar* thou defeat'st. Put colour in thy Cheeke.

*Eros.* The Gods with-hold me,  
Shall I do that which all the Parthian Darts,  
(Though Enemy) lost ayme, and could not.

*Ant.* *Eros*,  
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see  
Thy Master thus with pleacht Armes, bending downe  
His corrigible necke, his face subdu'de  
To penetratiue shame; whil' the wheel'd seate  
Of Fortunate *Cesar* drawne before him, branded  
His basenesse that ensued.

*Eros.* I would not see't.

*Ant.* Come then: for with a wound I must be cur'd.  
Draw that thy honest Sword, which thou hast worne  
Most vsfull for thy Country.

*Eros.* Oh sir, pardon me.

*Ant.* When I did make thee free, swor'st I not then  
To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,  
Or thy precedent Seruices are all  
But accidents vnpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

*Eros.* Turne from me then that Noble countenance,  
Wherein the worship of the whole world lyes.

*Ant.* Loe thee.

*Eros.* My sword is drawne.

*Ant.* Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawne it.

*Eros.* My deere Master,

My Captaine, and my Emperor. Let me say

Before I strike this bloody stroke, Farwell.

*Ant.* 'Tis said man, and farewell.

*Eros.* Farewell great Chief, Shall I strike now?

*Ant.* Now *Eros*.

*Eros.* Why there then:

Thus I do escape the sorrow of *Antonies* death.

*Ant.* Thrice-Nobler then my selfe,  
Thou teachest me: Oh valiant *Eros*, what  
I should, and thou could'st not, my Queene and *Eros*  
Haue by their braue instruction got vpon me  
A Noblenesse in Record. But I will bee  
A Bride-groome in my death, and run into't  
As to a Louers bed. Come then, and *Eros*,  
Thy Master dies thy Scholler; to do thus  
I learnt of thee. How, not dead? Not dead?  
The Guard, how? Oh dispatch me.

*Enter*

## Anthony and Cleopatra.

*Enter a Guard.*

1. *Guard.* What's the noise?

*Ant.* I haue done my worke ill Friends:  
Oh make an end of what I haue begun.

2. The Starre is false.

1. And time is at his Period.

Alas, and woe.

*Ant.* Let him that loues me, strike me dead.

1. Not I.

2. Nor I.

3. Nor any one.

*Deceus.* Thy death and fortunes bid thy folowers fly  
This sword but shewne to *Cesar* with this tydings,  
Shall enter me with him.

*Enter Diomedes.*

*Di.* Where's *Anthony*?

*Dece.* There *Diomed* there.

*Di.* Lues he: wilt thou not answer man?

*Ant.* Art thou there *Diomed*?

Draw thy sword, and giue mee,

Suffring strokes for death.

*Di.* Most absolute Lord:

My Mistis *Cleopatra* sent me to thee.

*Ant.* When did shee send thee?

*Di.* Now my Lord.

*Ant.* Where is she?

*Di.* Lockt in her Monument: she had a Propheying

Of what hath come to passe: for when she saw

(Which neuer shall be found) you did suspect

She had dispos'd with *Cesar*, and that your rage

Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead:

But fearing since how it might worke, hath sent

Me to proclaime the truth, and I am come

I dread, too late.

*Ant.* Too late good *Diomed*: call my Guard I prythee.

*Di.* What hoa: the Emperors Guard,

The Guard, what hoa? Come, your Lord calles.

*Enter 4. or 5. of the Guard of Anthony.*

*Ant.* Beare me good Friends where *Cleopatra* bides,

'Tis the last seruice that I shall command you.

1. Woe, woe are we fir, you may not liue to weare

All your true Followers out.

Alas, Most heavy day.

*Ant.* Nay good my Fellowes, do not please sharp fate

To grace it with your sorrowes. Bid that welcome

Which comes to punish vs, and we punish it

Seeming to beare it lightly. Take me vp,

I haue led you off, carry me now good Friends,

And haue my thanks for all. *Exit bearing Anthony*

*Enter Cleopatra, and her Maides aloft, with*

*Charman & Iras.*

*Cleo.* Oh *Charman*, I will neuer go from hence.

*Char.* Be comforted deere Madam,

*Cleo.* No, I will not:

All strange and terrible euents are welcome,

But comforts we dispise; our size of sorrow

Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

As that which makes it.

*Enter Diomed.*

How now? is he dead?

*Di.* His death's vpon him, but not dead.

Looke out o'th other side your Monument,

His Guard haue brought him thither.

*Enter Anthony, and the Guard.*

*Cleo.* Oh Sunne,

Burne the great Sph

The varying shore

Helpe *Charman*, he

Below, let's draw hi

*Ant.* Peace,

Not *Casars* Valour h

But *Antonies* hath

*Cleo.* So it shoul

That none but *Anth*

But woe 'tis so.

*Ant.* I am dying

I heere importune d

Of many thousand

I lay vpon thy lippe

*Cleo.* I dare not

Deere my Lord par

Least I be taken: no

Of the full Fortu

Be brooch'd with m

Edge, sting, or oper

Your Wife *Ostania*,

And still Conclusio

Demuring vpon me

Helpe me my wema

Assist good Friends.

*Ant.* Oh quicken

*Cleo.* Heere's sp

How heavy weigh

Our strength is all g

That makes the wa

The strong wing'd

And set thee by fou

Wishers were euer

And welcome, welc

Quicken with kissi

Thus would I wear

*Al.* A heavy lig

*Ant.* I am dying

Giue me some Wi

*Cleo.* No, let m

That the false Hufw

Prouok'd by my of

*Ant.* One word

Of *Cesar* seeke you

*Cleo.* They do n

*Ant.* Gentle h

None about *Cesar*

*Cleo.* My Resol

None about *Cesar*,

*Ant.* The miser

Lament nor sorrow

In feeding them wi

Wherein I liued. T

The Nobleft: and

Not Cowardly put

My Countreymen

Valiantly vanquish

I can no more.

*Cleo.* Nobleft o

Hast thou no care o

In this dull world,

No better then a S

The Crowne o'th'e

Oh wicher'd is the